DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., No. 23. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1 1877. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 12 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

TWO AMERICAN GLACIERS.

The tops of very high mountains in the highest latitudes are covered with never-melting snows. As snow-storm after snow-storm drops its fleecy burdens on them, the superincumbent weight compresses and forces the snow and ice down the mountain sides. As it moves down slowly below the snow-line it thaws and freezes, until the mass is converted into ice, and coming within the sight of man, is known as a glacier, or river of ice. As these glaciers flow slowly on and down the valleys the temperature often becomes so high as to melt away the ice streams as fast as they arrive. Although they become narrower and flatten away towards the front, like a wedge, the point of this wedge is high; and furrowed with streams, which, composed of melting ice, pour down as mountain torrents, forming the nucleus of the grand rivers which may carry a nation's wealth on their bosoms.

In high polar latitudes, where the line of perpetual snow comes down to the sea level, glaciers are seen on the grandest scale. On Greenland's western coast the slope towards the sea is very gradual, and the whole country side seems to be composed of one immense glacier advancing and stretching itself into the western bay, where portions, breaking off in summer, float off and into the ocean as gigantic icebergs, towering above the highest vessel, even then giving but a slight idea of their size and magnificence, seven-eighths being hidden beneath the water.

Col. John Hamilton Gray, in an article in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, describes two remarkable glaciers which flow into the Stikine River, which forms the southern boundary line between the American territory of Alaska and British Columbia, or has its mouth in the former and source in the latter as future surveys may determine. The first of these, the "Grand Glacier," is three miles broad where it fronts on the river, the wall varying from three to five hundred feet in height. Between this ice wall and the river there is a moraine of gravel and boulders, which rise between one and two hundred feet above the river, and then sloping down towards the glacier, leaves a ravine between the two. Between the moraine and the river is a belt of land half a mile in width, and on the bank of the river are embedded large boulders of three and four tons in weight, which must have been borne and deposited there by the glacier from within, because the opposite bank of the river is simply of sand without rocks or stones of any kind. The intervening belt between the moraine and the river is covered with a growth of cottonwood and firs, rising eighty or ninety feet in height. Back of the ice wall the glacier seems to spread out like a lake, sloping gently upwards, surrounded by great mountains, with its frozen river flowing in on a steep, distinct slope from between two on the right; the frozen current then turns and flows down to the river at an acute angle from its entrance.

The Dirt Glacier, farther up the river, in something closely resembles this, and one description would almost answer for both were it not that the moraine forms a complete embankment in front of the glacier, and is dirty and discolored from the rubbish brought down by it in its course.

ANECDOTE OF WHITTIER.

All people are not so intellectual or so grandly busy as to live entirely above the temptation of expensive fashion, and unconscious of its demands, nor can all expect to be. But there are none who might not feel the example and learn the lesson of a great man's modest wants. Mr. Whittier's simplicity of life and thought is illustrated by a story told by a writer in the Boston *Times*. She says:

A very elegant woman of Boston was walking with Col. Higginson. "I want you to come in to Osgood's with me," he said to his lady friend, "and see Whittier, who is there to-day."

They went in and found the poet. After a little while the conversation turned on a young girl with colored blood in her veins, who had a place in the freedmen's bureau at a small salary, and was rather petted by the philanthropists of a certain Boston clique. After a prolonged discourse on her virtues and social privations, Col. Higginson said,—

"And poor child, after her board and other expenses are paid, she has only $50 a year for her dress!"

Whittier drew up slowly about his figure the gray woollen shawl that he wore. "Fifty dollars!" said he; "and does not thee think that is enough? I never spent more than that sum a year for dress in my life."

Looking at the Spartan simplicity of the Quaker poet, one could readily believe him, and Col. Higginson was at a loss for a reply. He did not point to his elegant companion, and say that sum would hardly buy gloves; and I suppose the poet accepted her splendor as a matter of course, and did not dream of the cost.—*Selected.*

THE PAPAL TIARA.

The triple crown or Papal tiara is, like the crowns of sovereigns, sumptuously adorned with precious stones, the most prominent of which is a splendid diamond. Rich as it is, however, it is far from equalling those, about ten in number, which were possessed by the Vatican. The numbers of these tiaras had been going on increasing since Pope Boniface VIII., and each surpassed its predecessor in value. Financial difficulties more than once forced the popes to sell the jewels set in these crowns, in order to pay their debts. At the accession of Pope Pius VII. there was only one left. The only Papal tiara at the Vatican was a pasteboard one, with imitation jewels. After the Concordat, about 1801, Napoleon I. made Pius VII a present of a new tiara. It is the same that is now used and was valued at 220,000 francs. Its cupola consists of eight rubies, twenty-four pearls, and one emerald. The cross is composed of twelve brilliants. The tails are studded with rubies and pearls. Two gold cords serve to fix the tiara on the head of the Pope—who, by the way, scarcely ever wears it. This tiara was carefully concealed in 1874, and only taken out of its hiding-place after the French troops had entered Rome. The principal diamond of the Papal tiara has a history attached to it, which begins with the Duke of Burgundy. This prince had a passion for jewellery, and there was not a wealthier man than he in the fifteenth century. Whenever he was engaged in a campaign, his gold and silver vessels, his diamonds and jewels, invariably accompanied him. Now, having been beaten by the Swiss at Grandson, he fled, leaving his treasure on the field of battle, and among them three beautiful diamonds. The first was discovered by a soldier, under a cart. It was the largest and most valuable, having been sold to the Duke of Burgundy by the Great Mogul. The lucky finder, not having the slightest idea of the value of the stone, flung it into a field; but, repenting of his act, picked it up again and sold it for a crown (*écu*) to a priest, who resold it for three to a Bernese citizen. The latter, who was better informed, disposed of it for 5,000 ducats. It passed through other hands for 7,000, and was purchased for 14,000 by the Duke of Milan, Ludovico il Moro, who sold it to Pope Julius II. for 20,000 ducats. The second diamond is the well-known Sancy, and the third adorns the crown of Austria, and is valued at 3,000,000 francs.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

THE GRAND GLACIER.

—The *British Medical Journal* urges upon consumptives the consideration that it is living in the open air, in a fine climate, that is really beneficial for consumption, and not the mere climate of itself.

THE DIRT GLACIER.

Temperance Department.

A TERRIBLE CASUALTY.

"Yes, it was a terrible thing; a great shock to us all. His poor wife and those darling children. Just a chance, as one may say, or perhaps, as the preachers would put it, a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Did you ever see such beautiful flowers? I declare that solid column of tuberoses, to symbolize a life broken off in the middle of its career of promise, is just perfection. How handsome he looks, too. I see by the inscription on the plate that he was only just thirty. What a casualty." So rattles on one of the "five hundred friends" who throng George W——'s parlors—or rather those of his wife, perhaps of his creditors—on the day of George's funeral. "But how did it happen? I have not heard the particulars. Just saw the notice of the funeral, and hurried up."

"Haven't heard? Oh, it happened this way. The family were all out of town, and George, poor fellow, attacked with some slight summer ailment, went down stairs for medicine, and it is supposed took poison by mistake. When the stupid servant found him he was in a terrible condition, and by the time she brought a doctor it was too late to save him, though he lingered in great agony for three days—long enough for his heart-broken wife to come and see him, but not for him to recognize her."

"What a dreadful casualty!" says the friend, and the service proceeds: "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," spirit—where? That depends.

Was it a casualty? This is the true statement of the case. George W—— was a good fellow, a handsome fellow; the pet of drawing-rooms till he married the prettiest girl of his "set," and the pet of dinner and supper parties afterwards. He had even been a church member once in his boyish days; but that was long ago, and had been put away with other "childish things." Now he was a man, a father, a rising young lawyer, generous. "Nobody's enemy but his own," his friends said—a cabalistic phrase which has come to have but one meaning. His wife never suspected the habit which had been gaining upon him so rapidly for the past few months when she departed with her little ones for their summer's country rest and refreshment, saying: "Now don't mope in the house, George; go out and enjoy yourself; see your friends and have a good time." And he took a "good time," according to his definition of the term. There was no one at home whose opinion he valued now, and night after night he stumbled in with barely sense enough to get to bed, sleep off the effects of one carouse, and begin another next day.

"Aren't you going this thing too strong?" asked a friend who saw him to his own door-step the night of the "casualty." "You'll find it hard to knock off when the old lady comes home."

"Mind your own business, and don't call my wife names," said George, as he closed the door without bidding his friend good-night.

Somehow that night's sleep did not come as easily as usual, and after tossing wearily for hours, the poor victim exclaimed: "I'm awfully thirsty. I believe I am in a fever. I must have another drink." So he groped down the stairs, found his way to the sideboard, and a great draught of brandy followed all that had been already taken that evening. Then another, and another. Reason was quite gone, sense almost, as the fated wretch discovered the bottle to be empty. "Here's another," he stammered, as his trembling hand grasped a similar flask, and raising it to his lips he drained at least a wine-glassful of some poison he kept in the house, and which had accidentally been placed on the sideboard.

Was it a casualty, this substitution of one poison for another, the quick for the slow? Was it a casualty that, stupefied with drink, the dying man sank down without a thought of calling for assistance, and was found in the morning past all human aid? Are the heaven and hell which are to come after death casualties; or is it as sure as the word of eternal truth, "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven?"

Ah! there is no chance in this life. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap;" and the seeds of the social wine-cup are like the dragons' teeth of the ancients, and spring up, sooner or later, a crop of armed enemies ready to hunt their powerless victim to the sure end of a drunkard's grave.—*Good Words.*

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Ex-Bailie Lewis of Edinburgh, in addressing a meeting at Dunfermlin, is reported by the *League Journal* to have made the following points:—He declared that eighty million bushels of grain were used annually in the country in the manufacture of drink, and contended that if the grain were destroyed by any other agency the country would not tolerate it. He called special attention to the fact that large masses of the population were becoming disintegrated from the congregations of every denomination, and that the Church was losing its influence in the country to an alarming extent. There was no denying the fact that to the false position occupied by the Church towards the drink traffic this was largely attributable. As an illustration, he stated that Mr. Bradlaugh, the highpriest of infidelity, had been lecturing in Edinburgh a few nights ago. Several Christian gentlemen took exception to his teaching, and contended that the pauperism and deterioration which prevailed were not traceable to "over-population" but to drinking and drunkenness. Mr. Bradlaugh flippantly retorted by reminding these gentlemen that this was a sorry compliment to their Christianity—there being 400,000,000 Buddhists whose religion prevented them indulging in drink, while the Christian religion did not prevent them doing so; on the contrary, he found there were not a few publicans and brewers elders and office-bearers in the churches. Surely the fact of our common Christianity being held up to reproach from such a quarter in crowded meetings of workingmen, is sufficient to constrain our ministers and kirk sessions to look this grave question fairly in the face, and at whatever sacrifice put to silence the cavillings of the atheistical and profane. The unthinking portion of the people did not read the gospel as contained in the Bible, but they unfortunately read another gospel as seen in the lives of professing Christians. He wondered much at the inconsistency of such men as Mr. Chamberlain, the member for Birmingham, who, in deploring the evils of the drinking customs of the present day, stated that out of every twenty moderate drinkers one at least became a confirmed drunkard; and yet, strange to say, Mr. Chamberlain was not an abstainer. In concluding, the ex-Bailie enjoined on his audience total abstinence, not only as a scriptural but as a Christian duty. The address was listened to with marked attention.

INTOXICATING WINE AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

A correspondent of the *Christian World* writes as follows:—

Has it ever occurred to our Christian brethren who maintain so firmly the use of the intoxicating wine at the Lord's Table to consider how many are shut out from the privilege of communion by their conscientious objection to partaking of an alcoholic wine? I know it will be said they voluntarily exclude themselves. Yes, 'tis true, they might join the church and pass the cup, while they partook of the bread, and, when in the church, might seek for an exchange of the wine; but, then, as others before them have found, in the one case they would be called singular beings, or suspended—as were five elders of a Scottish congregation—for passing the cup untasted, and in the other case charged as disturbers of the churches. Surely, seeing the ravages of intoxicating drink in the Church, as well as in the world, it would be a little matter for those who like alcoholic wines to yield and follow the advice of the great apostle of the Gentiles (Rom. xiv. 1—4). Many years since I was asked by a member in communion how I could reconcile the use of that which produced such terrible evils on the most sacred occasion by giving a place for it on the Lord's Table. I could not then, and I cannot now; the reconciliation rests with those who adhere to its use at that table. Mr. Wilson on "The Wines of the Bible," to which your last number refers, may satisfy some minds as to the use of an intoxicating wine; but the researches of the Rev. D. Burns and Dr. Lees in their Bible Commentary give to others a firm basis for maintaining their appeal for the substitution of an unintoxicating wine; and in the plea for the fruit of the vine, and the sequel to it, by the Rev. Wm. Reid, of Edinburgh, based upon Scriptural authority, "he reasons out the duty of the Church to use at the Lord's Supper the 'fruit of the vine,' with an earnestness and dignity, a courage and a courtesy, worthy a Christian minister, and of the grave interests involved in the discussion;" and in another pamphlet on responsibility Mr. Reid adduces "the case of a lady, the wife of a medical gentleman, who became addicted to intemperance, and was disowned by her family. She was induced to become an abstainer. In course of time she recovered her wonted sense of propriety, and was received anew into the society of her family and friends, and in due season restored to the fellowship of the Church; but, partaking of the wine in use at the Lord's table, she relapsed, was found drunk in the street, and ultimately died the inmate of a lunatic asylum." Mr. Reid adds:—"Did delicacy permit, I could tell of more who have been ensnared by communion wine;" and the Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Aberdeen, in his Commentary (page 414), after speaking of the danger to those who, through grace, have been reformed, to partake of the fruit of fermentation, adds:—"Fermented wine is inappropriate as a symbol, and dangerous in reality, when used at the table of the Lord; but the unfermented juice of the grape is suitable and safe. Whether, then, would Christ use the one or the other? Morally there is no room for hesitation. Besides, His own words are decisive—He used the 'produce of the vine.'"

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

Victor Hugo gives the following impressive description of a death in the quicksand of certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland. He says:

"It sometimes happens that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with difficulty. The sand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

"The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand half leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim, he throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beech is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

"He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

"Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze—the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the service of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."

Could anything more graphically describe the progress of a young man from the first cup of wine to the last?—*Canada Christian Monthly.*

"I'LL DIE FIRST."

The following letter from a medical man appears in the last number of the *British Workman*:—

Holt, Norfolk, May 30, 1877.

DEAR SIR,—The following facts transpired in my practice three years ago, and I have thought they might interest some of the readers of the *British Workman*. At the time mentioned I had a poor man a patient laboring under a severe attack of confluent small-pox. On the sixteenth day after the attack he was verily one black mass, and the stench arising from him was simply unbearable without the handkerchief was applied to the nose. He was also delirious. Well, I suggested to him that he should have some stimulants in the shape of either brandy or porter or ale. He muttered out something which I thought was, "I 'ont," so I left him to his fate.

The following day I repeated my orders; he was more polite, for he said "I 'ont; I'll die first." What this meant was all a mystery to me, until I learnt from his landlady that he had been a great drunkard, and that a little time before Miss Hammond, from Fakenham, had been preaching at Briston, and he had gone out of curiosity to hear her. Happily he was not only convicted but converted, and is still a stanch total abstainer. I directly made my way to good old Mr. Hill, the largest farmer in the parish, who has been an abstainer for the last sixty years, and who now rides his pony like a boy, although over fourscore, and told him the tale. He gave orders for the poor man to have all the new milk and eggs he wanted, and I am proud to say I never saw a more rapid recovery from such a state.

I remain, faithfully yours,

A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

P.S.—I may add I had put into my hands last March, Dr. Farrar's sermon, "The Vow of the Nazarite." I have tried total abstinence since then, and I find every word of the sermon not only strictly true, but quite practicable.

—The evidence given by Captain Walter, the head of the Corps of Commissionnaires, before the Select Committee on the civil employment of soldiers, sailors, and marines, printed with the report of the committee lately issued, shows that his opinion of the present condition of the army is not favorable. Captain Walter "regrets to say" that the army has fallen off very considerably; indeed, every year it seems to him to get worse; there is a marked difference in the non-commissioned officers in every point of view, and especially in education; and, as far as the rank and file go, they are totally different. There is, he asserts, "a great falling off both in physique and morale." The amount of drunkenness he represents as being "frightful." In support of this statement, he mentions that he has now passed nearly 3,000 men into the Corps of Commissionnaires, besides having rejected a great many others; out of these 3,000 men he has been obliged to dismiss from various causes about 1,000. All these men came to him with wonderfully good characters. He instances the case of a master-gunner of artillery who came to him of exceedingly smart appearance and having "no end of certificates." He had been recommended for a commission; Captain Walter put him on the staff and turned him out of the corps in less than a fortnight for *delirium tremens*. In another case, that of a paymaster-sergeant of a Fusilier regiment, who also came with a "wonderful character," the same thing happened. Captain Walter's experience, which must be very great, leads him to the uncomfortable conclusion that regimental certificates are no characters whatever, and that as a rule the more certificates a man has the more he wants them. "There is," he adds, "no more comparison between the non-commissioned officer of the present day and what he was in 1843 than there is between London, at the present time and what it was twenty years ago." In other words (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*), military deterioration has progressed in the same rate as metropolitan improvement.

"WHAT DID YOUR SEAT IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSE COST YOU?"—"A man came to join my church in Glasgow who had signed the temperance pledge about twelve months before, and whose home, when I visited it, was destitute of every kind of furniture—there was not even a chair to sit down upon. 'I have now,' said the man, 'been an abstainer twelve months; I have paid for a sitting in the public-house long enough, and dearly enough, and I now wish to exchange it for a seat in your church—in the House of God.' 'What did your seat in the public-house cost you a week?' I enquired. (He was an engraver by trade, and was employed in one of the first establishments in the city, and was in the habit of receiving £2 5s. per week.) He hung down his head as he said, 'Well, say nineteen shillings.' His house had not, as I have said, at the time he signed the pledge, a stick of furniture. I visited it twelve months afterwards, and saw several chairs, a chest of drawers, and many other articles, which gave it the appearance of a well-furnished house. He is now an office-bearer in the church, and one of my most useful men."—*Rev. Alexander Wallace, D. D.*

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

PSA. 37: 7.

Agricultural Department.

HORSE-SHOES AND HORSE-SHOEING.

On an average, horses require shoeing once a month. The length of time a shoe will wear depends much on the kind of service a horse is doing, and on the kind of road he is daily travelling. A team horse in heavy draught does not wear out as many shoes as one used in a hack; quick motion grinds shoes down more rapidly than slow use. Some pavement is harder on shoes than an ordinary road, while the friction of a gravelly road wears them away rapidly. Wooden pavement is but a little saving to the wear and tear of shoes, for the grit and dust which become impacted in the interstices of the wooden block grind away shoes like the friction of an emery wheel. The hind shoes wear out first, and there is more strain and friction on them than on the forward shoes. It is impossible and improper for a horse to wear shoes more than six weeks, for the growth of the foot shortens the shoe, as well as changes the shape otherwise. The neglect will cause the shoe to encroach upon the soft textures of the foot and produce lameness.

There are but few practical mechanics who have sufficiently studied the foot of the horse. It is not enough to know the anatomy of the foot, and where to insert a nail not to cause pain, but the foot should be studied in the state of nature, before the mechanism of man has by artificial appliances distorted it. The shape of the hoof of the wild horse, or of one which has never been shod, should be taken as a model. The foot is then properly balanced, neither too long nor too broad, but it has adjusted itself to nature, and the muscles and tendons are not strained by travel. Confinement and unskilful shoeing change the anatomical relations of the foot, and the best judgment of the mechanic is often taxed to correct the growing deformity—from unskilful shoeing. When a reasoning, skilful mechanic is found, the horse is safe in his hands, for he only preserves the normal shape of the hoof, and adjusts the shoe to protect it. The frog in the hoof of the horse is placed there for a particular purpose, and should not be cut by the shoer. If this is allowed, contraction and lameness will follow. The shape and weight of the shoe should be accommodated to the purpose for which they are designed. The track horse requires a shoe lighter and without corks, while the draught horse must have a heavy, broad shoe, with corks, to enable him to obtain foothold and travel with the least possible strain.—*Forest and Stream.*

AGRICULTURAL CAPABILITIES OF THE STEWIACKE VALLEY.

Both at Middle and Upper Stewiacke on Thursday, Professor Lawson referred in his lectures to the marked fertility and beauty of the Stewiacke Intervale, which he had seen for the first time, in that morning's sun; to its broad expanse of rich grass land, as flat and smooth and green as the fields of Holland, stretching away for twenty-five or thirty miles and scarcely anywhere less than two miles in breadth.—the large square fields, here outlined by giant elms, and there adorned by scattered trees, all stately and graceful. And on either side of this immense carpet of broad and verdant acres, we have a sheltering range of beautiful rounded hills, rich in undeveloped wealth that lies at the surface as a fertile soil, underlaid by plaster and lime, to supply the means of making it still more fertile, and these gently undulating hills are inviting the plough up and over their grassy slopes, for which the healthy white flocks are now preparing the way. The whole scene (he said) was a picture of pastoral beauty, which reminded him more than anything else he had seen on this continent of some of the richest agricultural districts of England. We want only a steam plough and a dotting of thoroughbred short horn Durhams and Devons and Ayrshires over the meadows, to make Stewiacke look very much like the Rothschilds' farms and other rich tracts in Buckinghamshire, where fields feed twenty thousand cows, besides all other kinds of cattle, and annually send two thousand tons or more of beautiful butter into the London market, realizing, in the poorest year, from this product alone, a million and a half of dollars. To render the fields of Colchester as productive as those of Buckinghamshire is a very simple problem to the scientific agriculturist. Three things are required—systematic culture, selection of suitable thorough-bred stock; economical, that is intelligent, feeding. But why the people of such a country should dream of wandering West through some Manitoba wilderness to hew out new farms for themselves that cannot possibly, in their lifetime at least, be as good as the old—this is a problem that he did not attempt to explain on any scientific or other principle. Horace Greeley used to say to the young men, "Go West." Our formula should be "Go to Stewiacke."—*Halifax Chronicle.*

Ctivulation of Apples.—The following from an essay by Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, are valuable suggestions for apple-growers everywhere: A young tree must be treated very much as you would treat a hill of corn. Hoed crops will answer in a young orchard; sowed crops will do much harm to young trees. I think it a good plan to keep young trees mulched, and I am not sure but it is best of all ways to treat large or old trees as long as they live. Mulch prevents the rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil, keeps the surface mellow, prevents the soil from freezing and thawing in winter and becoming overheated in summer. Whether or not to cultivate trees which have become well established depends upon circumstances. I have never seen an apple orchard which I thought was injured by too frequent shallow culture, but this may be the case in some places, especially in warm climates or where the soil is deep and very rich. Whether to cultivate or not can be told by the looks of the trees. Now if the color of the leaves is good and the growth all right and the trees bear well of fine fruit, they are doing well enough even in grass. But if the leaves are pale, the growth of the annual twigs much less than a foot in length on trees set twelve years, and the fruit small and poor, something is the matter, and they are suffering for want of plow, harrow, or cultivator, or a heavy mulch or a coat of manure, or two or more of these combined. The upper twigs of twelve years ought to grow six to twelve inches each year. To judge of the condition of an apple tree is much like judging of the condition of sheep in a pasture. Look at the sheep and not at the pasture. As long as the sheep are plump and fat they are all right.

Vegetable Mold.—The *Gardener's Record*, in giving directions for the preparation of mold, says:—As early in November as the leaves of the trees can be collected, let them be brought in a considerable quantity into a close place, and dressed up there in the form of a hot-bed. Let this be well saturated with drainings from the dung heap, with suds from the wash house, with urine from the stables and cow house, where the latter article can be procured. Let this bed or heap be covered and lined with fresh stable dung, to make it heat. When the heat is sufficiently subsided, let the leaves be uncovered and turned over, to mix the dry and wet well together, and if moisture be required, let them have it of the same description, repeating the process till all be reduced to fine mold. This will be ready for use in two months from the time of collecting the leaves, and to prevent any waste of the liquid recommended, a layer of maiden earth, of two feet thick, should be made the substratum, which would receive any of the valuable liquid that would otherwise run to waste. Leaves of slow decomposition should be avoided, as those of the oak, etc., which however, are the best for retaining heat in hot-beds and pits. The leaves of fir should be avoided, but those of the sycamore, elm, alder, maple and all of the soft kinds are better suited for the purpose. This compost should be kept dry, in an airy place, and ridged up, so that the rain can not wash out the salts with which it abounds.

Chicken-Feeding.—There is one ingredient in chicken-feeding which deserves special notice, being of the greatest assistance to those whose space is limited. We allude to the bone-dust, or ground dry bones, which is often used by gardeners in potting plants. For the knowledge and use of this ingredient we had originally to thank Mr. John Stuart of Helensburg, well known in Scotland as a successful breeder, and to whose unvarying friendship in many other ways and instances we feel pleasure in acknowledging heavy obligations. After full and satisfactory trial ourselves, we had no hesitation in recommending the use of bone-dust to other breeders; and the extent to which other writers have followed us in various periodicals, and to which the substance is now advertised in the poultry papers, besides the many private testimonies we have ourselves received, are conclusive evidence of the value of an article of diet which Mr. Stuart's kindness had enabled us to be the first to introduce generally to poultry-breeders. . . . Bone-dust for mixing in poultry-food should be on an average about the fineness of coarse oatmeal. There are usually larger pieces interspersed, but these need not be taken out, as any too large will be rejected; though the meal may be sifted free from any larger than peas if desired. The price being never very much more per hundredweight than good meal, it should be used liberally with all the soft food, and about an ounce may be mixed with every half-pint of dry meal before adding the milk or water.—*From "The Illustrated Book of Poultry" for October.*

The Drainage of Houses.—Formerly the problem of domestic drainage consisted in little more than keeping the cellar dry and disposing of refuse matter where it would be inoffensive and would not contaminate the water supply, and even these simple demands were often entirely neglected; but the introduction of "modern conveniences" has placed in every house all the elements of a complicated sewage system, necessitating an abundant water supply, workmanship and thorough ventilation. It is in the last respect that the system is most universally defective; poisonous sewer gas is necessarily formed in every sewer and soil pipe, and in some way will manage to escape. If a proper ventilating pipe be provided, extending from the soil pipe to above the roof of the house, the poisonous gas will escape through this pipe and, mixing with the free oxygen of out-door air, will become harmless; if ventilation be not provided, no system of water traps can be trusted—they will either be drained as syphons or forced by air pressure; in either case, poisoning the air of the house by direct communication with the vaults or drains. The want of ventilation is usually the most glaring defect, but other details might be mentioned, among them the common pan water closet, which a high authority (Latham) has described as "a cumbrous appliance which can not be introduced into a house without creating a nuisance," and for which very superior substitutes can now be had at a slight increase of cost.—*George W. Warren.*

Grass-Runs for Chickens.—We believe the very best results possible in chicken-rearing are obtained by keeping a comparatively small number in a moderate-sized grass-run, nicely shaded with trees, and a spacious shed with a flooring of dry sand or gravel kept perfectly clean. Kept in large numbers, on unlimited grass, the birds grow up in beautiful condition, but often mature rather too rapidly, and do not become so large; whilst in small gravel yards, though size is easily obtained and good condition may be secured, the exquisite gloss so beautiful in grass-fed fowls is very difficult to produce, and large cockerels frequently become heavy and ungainly in carriage for want of exercise. We speak comparatively, of course; for much depends on the skill and care brought to bear, and we often see the best country yards beaten by people who only possess a few square feet in town; but a dozen chickens in a grass-run of about twenty by fifty feet will take care of their condition for themselves with less real trouble than in any other circumstances.—*From "The Illustrated Book of Poultry" for October.*

Hints on the Care of Carriages.—Carriages, like most other things of value, demand constant care and attention to keep them in a good state of preservation, and a good coach-house is the first if not the chief requisite. It should be dry and cool, as the woodwork of a carriage, no matter how good or well painted, will swell or shrink if subject to any extreme of damp or warmth. The carriage-handles and other metal fittings require polishing daily, and in summer weather the wheels should be constantly damped to prevent them shrinking. After a carriage has been out in the rain and mud it should be cleaned before the dirt dries, otherwise the labor will be much greater, and the injury to the paint considerably increased. Plenty of water is necessary, which should be thrown over the carriage until the dirt is removed; then the surface should be rubbed dry, and polished with a soft wash-leather.—*From "Cassel's Domestic Dictionary" for October.*

Rheumatism Among Farmers.—There is a good deal too much carelessness generally among farmers with regard even to ordinary precautions for the preservation of their health and yet, after all, there is scarcely any class to whom sickness or disease is more irksome and inconvenient. Rheumatism is frequent among them, because they wear wet clothing, heat and suddenly chill the body, over-eat after very hard work, and because they do not keep the skin in a clean and healthy condition. If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not over-eat when in an exhausted condition and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Bring The Cows Home.—A neighbor of mine has two cows, and one of them hasn't missed coming home at night in two years, and the other but once in that time. He says give them every night a little of something they are fond of and can't get outside, with a little salt. Change their feed often, giving sometimes wheat bran, and at other times corn meal, dry hay, or fresh cut grass. But be sure and give them something to eat every night, and then shut them up in the barn-lot, or some other place over night. See that they have plenty of water.—*C. R. Comer, in Indiana Farmer.*

DOMESTIC.

USEFUL HINTS.

Cleaning Ivory.—When ivory ornaments become dingy or yellow wash them in soap and water with a teaspoonful of ammonia. Brush carefully with a small brush, and place while wet in clear, warm sunlight. Wet them in this suds for two or three days and leave in the sun and they will be beautifully white.

Coffee Sacks washed clean and cut in suitable shapes will, if embroidered with bright colors, make nearly as pretty and useful mats to put by the bed, bureau, etc., as burlap, without the same expense. This enables one to use up material usually thought only fit for scrubcloths—and too stiff for comfort even when thus used—in a useful as well as ornamental manner.

Cayenne Pepper is the best when made from chilis instead of the common capsicums, as their flavor is much better. The cayenne which come to the market, we are told, is made by drying the peppers for twelve hours before the fire, then put them into a marble mortar with one-fourth their weight of salt. Pound and rub them together as fine as possible, then put this powder into a closely-stopped bottle.

Potatoes.—Many recommend putting salt into the water in which potatoes are boiled, but we don't think that the best way. Put potatoes into boiling water, and, as soon as done, pour off the water, remove the cover till all the steam has evaporated, then sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt over the potatoes, cover the pot closely with a towel, and in a few minutes they will be very mealy.

Vegetables.—Never leave any vegetables soaking in water. It destroys the real flavor. Potatoes are often peeled and left soaking in water some time before using. This is a very bad practice. They, like all kinds of vegetables, should be washed quickly when it is time to put them on to cook, and without being allowed to remain in the cold water at all should be at once transferred to the kettle of boiling water in which they are to be cooked. Lettuce is greatly injured by lying in water. Put it on ice when gathered, and wash just before sending to table.

Preserving Eggs for Winter Use.—Pour four gallons boiling water over three pounds of quick-lime. Stir it slowly till well mixed, and then let it stand thirty or forty hours, and then take off the clear lime-water so as to remove as little lime as possible. Mix a teacupful of salt with the lime-water and pour it over the eggs, previously put into glazed earthen pots, till it rises full an inch above the eggs. This quantity is sufficient for twelve dozen eggs. We have kept eggs perfectly, put up in this way, from November till June. —*Mrs. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

To Remove Ink From Carpets.—If you have cotton batting in the house soak up all of the ink that can be removed without rubbing, then have ready fresh cotton batting and a basin of milk; skim milk is as good as new, only it must be sweet. Wet the ink spot thoroughly with the milk, and then soak it up with the batting. Apply more milk and sop up again. Continue this, taking fresh batting as soon as one piece is discolored, dipping it each time in milk till the ink disappears. If fresh spilled it will take but two or three applications before the spot will all disappear. Then wash it in clear hot water first, then with a weak soapsuds, and rinse in clear water. Wipe dry. Old cotton cloth will answer, but batting is the best.

Hints on Washing.—The quickest and best way to do the washing for a family of six or eight persons: "First, have plenty of boiling water; to every boilerful add from two to three tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax; use some of the borax-water from the boiler for every tubful of clothes, adding only enough cold water to make it comfortable for the hands; use soap on the most soiled, and rub on the board, or through a washing-machine; do not boil the clothes; have a tub partly full of boiling-hot borax water, in which to put the clothes that have been rubbed; let them remain in the hot borax water until you are ready to rinse them; from a quarter to a half hour will do; rinse in one clear water, without borax. Use very little, if any blueing. Borax will not injure the texture of the finest linen, and for infant's clothes or flannels it is the only thing that can be used with perfect safety. If stockings or socks are badly stained, they might be boiled in borax water for a few minutes only—too much boiling makes clothes yellow. Borax acts slowly but surely. The improvement in clothes washed after this direction, will be noticed after the second or third trial, often after the first. Add a teaspoonful of borax to every quart of starch—it will keep the starch from sticking and add to the polish.

THE BEGINNING OF PRINTING.

These two pictures will give you some idea of the beginning of printing. The first one shows Lawrence Coster cutting a letter from the bark of a tree outside the walls of the old city of Haarlem in Holland. He had the idea on his mind for some time, and now it began to grow into shape. He cut letter after letter, and carried them home. Then he fastened the letters together with a piece of string, and rubbed their faces with some ink he had made thick for the purpose. Pressing a sheet of paper then on the letters he had a copy of them in a moment. That was the first attempt at printing, at least in Europe, and it was about the year 1428.

The other picture shows that in a few years some progress had been made. Guttenberg and Faust, in the German city of Mentz, on the Rhine, thought of a better way of making letters than by cutting them on blocks of wood. They made each letter of a separate piece of metal—a type, it was called. And they invented a machine for taking impressions from those types. Coster, or Koster as his name is sometimes spelled, ought to have the credit, I suppose, of thinking of the way of using letter-blocks instead of the pen, to make books, and Guttenberg and Faust ought to have the credit of making movable types and of inventing the printing press, even if it was a very clumsy and rude affair. But let me tell you that some of the work that was done in those early days was very fine indeed. I have seen books, not quite as old as Guttenberg's time, to be sure, but books three hundred years old, in which the letters stand out just as sharp and clear and black as ever. There is, for example, in the library of the Tract Society, a collection of Luther's writings printed in 1564, during the lifetime of the great Reformer, and while the paper is discolored by age, the ink has not faded a particle.

Our printers to-day cannot beat the old books in this respect, though they can in doing work fast and well at the same time. The first volume that was ever printed was a Latin Bible, and it took nearly eight years to complete the printing of it.

The world owes a great deal to Coster and Guttenberg and Faust, do you not think so?

BLIND ABUNA.

BY MRS. ANNA B. PARK.

In an eastern country there lived a poor blind man, named Abuna. He had no friends and no home, and like Bartimeus, he sat by the wayside begging. The passers-by, thinking to gain merit to themselves, frequently threw small coins to him, with which he bought himself food, and sometimes a sleeping-place; but it was a hard life he led; there was no one to speak kindly to him, no one cared for him; his only comfort was the long staff which he always carried with him, and with which he groped his way about, in his utter darkness; so much did his soul crave a friend, that he used to talk to that staff as if it were a live being. While sitting there by the wayside under the shade of a banyan-tree, he had ample time to think, and he did think of his cruel, hard-hearted wife and children, for long ago he had had a wife and children, but they kicked and scolded him so that there was not a moment's peace for him at home, and he had left them and come far away He had no pleasant things to think of. The past had been a long, dark, dreary waste, and the future loomed up very much the same, while its horizon was closed in with the blackest clouds of uncertainty and dread.

COSTER CUTTING LETTERS OUT OF BARK.

One day, as he sat sorrowfully thinking his small sphere of thoughts through, the very same he had thought over and over again, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a kind voice addressing him said,

"Abuna, there are three things I can do for you; choose one of them, and you shall have it."

"What!" said the blind man; "who are you?" looking half afraid.

"I am a stranger to you, but you are not to me," said the other; "and of three things I wish you to say which you would like to have me do for you. I can either make you a rich man, or I can give you sight, or you may have a loving friend; but there are conditions connected with all these three. If, in the first place, you would like to become a rich man, you must remain blind; if, secondly, you would like to have your sight, you must remain a friendless beggar; and in the third case, if you would have a loving friend, you must remain blind and poor as you now are."

"Pray tell me," said Abuna, wholly unused to having any one appear to care for him, "who you are; are you a man or a spirit? are you making fun of me, or what are you trying to do?"

"I am not making fun of you," said the stranger; "I mean what I say. Tell me which of these things you would like best."

"I don't know what all this means," said Abuna; "but please say the three things over again."

The stranger repeated them slowly, so that he might comprehend them, and Abuna, after saying them over after him two or three times, laughed a little hysterical laugh, and said, "Well, this is funny. I will think it over, and tell you to-morrow morning, sir, if you will be good enough to come then."

"Certainly, I am very willing to give you time to think," said the stranger, and so saying went away. After he had gone, the blind man experienced such a sensation of excitement as he had never felt before; one moment he would laugh aloud and talk to his staff, and the next he would stand up, and perform various gymnastic exercises. Finally, he calmed himself down to decide the momentous subject, and then he found himself not a little perplexed and puzzled over it.

To be a great rich man, thought he, and have a fine house and soft beds, and plenty of food and servants, and horses and carriages, and everything he knew of, what could be more blissful! and he chuckled to himself as he thought how it would feel to be dressed in fine clothes, and go riding round the city, and have people bowing to him!—but just then came up the bitter drop in that cup, that he should still remain blind. He shook his head slowly and sadly: sight was better than all the riches of Ind, and he turned to think of the next condition, which was to have his sight and still remain a friendless beggar. To have his sight, that would be joy unspeakable, he thought. "I shouldn't need you any more, old staff," said he. Ah, but to remain a beggar, that was pretty bad. No, he would rather be a blind beggar, than a beggar that could see, for now people did take pity on him, because of his blindness, and gave him money, but they would not be likely to do that if he could see. "But," thought he, "if I could see, I could work and earn money." Still he remembered that that was not the condition; he was to remain a beggar and friendless. That word "friendless" just turned the scale in his mind, and he thought of the third condition: to remain blind but have a great friend. Wouldn't that be queer, he thought! but it would be pleasant, especially if he was sure to be a true friend, one who would never forsake him; and if he should take him to his house, and take care of him and talk kindly to him, and lead him about, and not be ashamed of him, that would be nice, better even than having the riches to take care of himself; but then there was the same condition here as in the first case, he was to remain blind; still that friend would be eyes for him, he thought. He revolved these three conditions over and over again in his mind, all day and all night long, till he was half distracted. At one time he had decided to take the riches, then objections presented themselves, and he longed for sight, but the thought of possessing one great kind friend was one which had the most satisfaction in it.

When morning came he was at his post very early, and in a state of great excitement.

Many times, however, he said to himself, "What a fool I am to believe that any of these three things will come true!" Still he could not help trembling like a leaf, as the time drew near for the stranger to come. At length he came, and touching the blind man as he had done the day before, addressing him, said,

"Well, Abuna, how is it? I have come to hear your decision."

"Oh!" said the blind man starting, "is it you? Well, sir, first I want to know something more about that friend. Will he always be good, and kind, or will he go off and leave me by-and-by?"

"He will never leave you, if of the three things you choose him; and he will be everything to you that you would wish a friend to be."

"Then I'll have him!" said the blind man decidedly. "Where shall I go to find him?"

"You need not go anywhere, he will come to you," was the answer.

"Will he come soon?"

"Yes, very soon, and I will leave you now." So saying the stranger departed, and Abuna sat listening most attentively to all the passing footsteps, for some that would come up to him, wondering at the same time what his friend would first say and do. But he waited long and many people came and went by on the road, but no one stopped or spoke to him. All at once he gave a start, for some soft hand seemed to be wiping away his tears, and stroking his head, and a voice whispered to him,

"Weep not, Abuna, I am with you."

The poor man's heart bounded with joy, but he dared not speak a word,—he only sat and enjoyed being comforted. Presently growing tired from the effects of excitement, he leaned his head against the tree, under which he was sitting, but instead of the tree he found he had laid his head on some one's shoulder. Oh how good that felt to him who had never known what it was to have a friend! It was so pleasant he dropped off into a delightful sleep, and slept hours. When he got awake he thought all must have been a dream, and frightened to think that so much time had been wasted in sleep, and he had got no money, he resumed his usual begging cry with more than ordinary fervor. But that day he was not very successful in his begging, and when it came night he felt very hungry, and had nothing to eat. He groped his way to a little stream, to get at least a drink, and sat on the bank awhile, with his head buried in his arms. Soon he felt a touch, and a voice said, "Abuna, I have brought you food to eat. Take this." The poor blind man let the bread drop, but seized the hand that offered it, and holding it fast in both his, kissed it over and over again, and said, "Sir, I thought it was a dream, and that you would never appear to me again."

"I am with you alway," said the voice. This was food enough for Abuna; his soul had hungered more than his body, but he ate also the bread offered him, and felt as if he had grown young again. That night, he slept right there, holding on to his friend's hand, lest he should lose him again, notwithstanding what he had said. The next morning he awoke very happy, and all day long clung to his unseen friend. Poor Abuna's joy knew no bound; he did not ask the stranger his name, or anything about him, but was perfectly happy. But Abuna's heart was human, and his love as variable as the wind. He began to think this friend might take him to his house, and feed him on rich food, since he seemed able, and he might save him from sitting there at the wayside begging, and from getting so hungry and faint. So, though he said nothing about it, he became sulky in his manner, and letting his friend's hand drop, helped himself along the way with his old staff, as he used to do. The strange friend spoke not a word, but let him have his own way after that, so that Abuna thought he must have gone off altogether, and left him, and he said to himself, "It is always the way: what is the use of having friends, they are always so changeable? What a fool I was that I did not choose to be a rich man;" but his conscience troubled him a little when he said that, and when he remembered how happy he was those days in which he was led by that friend. Some days passed, and by-and-by he began to feel sorry for his unkind, hard thoughts, and longed for the kind friend again. He wished very much to tell him what an ungrateful wretch he was and how undeserving of his kindness, but forgot that he had said he was always with him, and though all he had to do was to feel around after him, he did not do that; and the friend did not put himself forward,—he wanted to prove him still longer.

One day, feeling very sad, Abuna walked here and there, not knowing or caring where he went, and suddenly stumbled into a deep ditch; he was stunned and hurt, but instantly some one took him carefully up, and laid him on the grass, bathed and soothed his bruises, and lulled him to sleep. When the poor blind man woke, he remembered what had happened, and that some one had cared for him and bathed his wounds; he knew at once who it must have been, and he called aloud, "Oh, my friend, my friend, though I have been so wicked, do come back to me;" and he was at once comforted. But his friend said sadly, "Abuna, I told you I was always with you. Why did you not speak to me before? I was only waiting to hear you call!"

"Oh, my Master, my Lord!" said Abuna, "forgive me; I have been so wicked and ungrateful, and I forgot what you said: but I'll try never to forget again." And he did try to grow better in every respect, and began to love his friend more and more every day.

At length blind Abuna fell sick, but in his sickness he wanted for nothing. Everything he needed, food, medicine, to soothe his pain, and the tenderest care were lavished upon him by one who slept neither night nor day. He little knew what was yet in store for him; but one day, while resting his head on his friend's lap, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he could see. The first object that caught his sight was a glorious face beaming with love and tenderness as it looked at him, and a voice which he knew and loved said to him, "Abuna, do you know me?" and Abuna, overwhelmed with wonder and love and adoration, fell at his feet, and when he could speak exclaimed, "Lord, is it thou? Is it such a one I have had for my friend? such a one I have grieved so many thousand times? Oh, canst thou forgive me?" And the wonderful one raised him up and said, "Abuna, you needn't think any more of the past. Look around and see where you are, for I have brought you to my house to live forever with me." Then Abuna looked, and was dazzled and thrilled with the glory and the beauty. But he soon turned back to gaze and gaze upon the blessed face of his friend.

Reader, do you not want such a friend? There is one ready for you. Instead of choosing the world and its unsatisfying pleasures, choose him, and he will come to you, and you will be eternally happy; he will never leave you nor forsake you. "Lo, I am with you alway," are the comforting words he has in store for you. That friend is the Lord Jesus Christ.

GUTTENBERG AND FAUST'S FIRST PROOF FROM MOVABLE TYPES.

The Family Circle.

ABIDING WITH GOD.

"Let every one, whate'er his calling be,
Therein abide with God." So wrote of old
Saint Paul to them at Corinth, and to me,
With loving speech to-night that truth was told.
I had grown weary with my strifes and cares
And murmured o'er the service of the day,
Wherein I had forgotten, unawares,
That thus I still might honor and obey.

"Abide with God." Would I might ne'er forget
That evermore I may with him abide.
What matters how or where the stamp is set,
Or what the furnace where the gold is tried,
So that the metal has the sterling ring,
So that the likeness of the King is shown?
God's coinage still, that to the soul may bring
Such wealth as merchant princes have not known.

In market places where the race is swift,
And competition on temptation waits;
In quiet homes where unseen currents drift
A thousand petty cares through open gates;
Let each and all, whate'er the calling be,
Therein abide with God: from break of day
Till set of sun they shall his purpose see,
And serve him in his own appointed way.

So let me see and serve, and thus abide:
Not simply patient, or at best content;
Not with eye service, in which, love denied,
In rounds of duty solemn days are spent.
Give me, O Lord, a joy that is divine;
Touch thou my lips with constant themes of praise;
Since, having thee, all things I need are mine,
Whate'er my lot, whate'er my length of days.
—*A. D. F. Randolph, in Evangelist.*

ELSIE.

They called her "Little Rightarm." A strange name for a girl, was it not? And yet it is the only one that Burbank, the station-master at the "Viaduct," ever uses when he speaks to his daughter Elsie.

Nor will it seem so very strange, after all, if you look at them now, standing there in the cottage doorway with the summer sunshine bright upon them, the old man waiting patiently while she pins back his empty sleeve for him—the sleeve that his own right arm used to fill a summer ago. And when she has finished, he bends over and kisses her fondly on the forehead.

"You are my Little Rightarm, sure enough," he murmurs softly. "I should be but a worthless cripple without you."

Then, with a mist in his eyes, he goes down to set the signal for the train.

The "Viaduct" is an out-of-the-way station on the Air Line Railroad. It gets its name from a wonderful iron bridge, by which the railroad crosses the adjacent valley. This bridge is one hundred or more feet in height in the middle, and cost many thousands of dollars; but the hills are so high on either side that it would have been impossible for the road to be built across in any other way. It was a part of the station-master's duty to know always that this bridge was in perfect order. The displacement of a single rail along its length, the sinking of one beam, or brace, or trestle, would in an instant have hurled a passing train far down upon the rocks and forests below.

One October week some years ago, the rain fell with great violence for several days all through the New England mountains; and the papers that Elsie read to her father each night contained numerous accounts of accidents caused by it—of reservoirs bursting, and dams breaking down, and of bridges being carried away by floods.

"Ah," the old man would say nodding his head emphatically. "They should learn to build their bridges of iron. You won't hear of our bridge giving way!"

Then he would glance at the clock and say it was getting along towards train-time. At which, Elsie would go for his boots and rubber coat, and light the lantern for him and bring the tobacco to refill his pipe. But there was one thing she did not bring him, nor would have if she could. He always went himself to the cupboard to pour out something from a bottle and drink it just before he went out. And on bad nights like these would take a double amount.

"One needs something of the sort to keep out the wet and cold," he would say, apologetically, at which poor Elsie, who knew well enough what was in the bottle, and what effect it had upon her father, would look sorrowful and make no reply.

In the silence of her little room she often turned her eyes toward heaven and asked God to change her father. But her father went on his old way, and Elsie's young faith, so severely tested, but led her more and more to the only Power to whom she could go for help.

On the particular night of which I was going to tell, Elsie remained standing in the doorway for some moments after her father went out, listening to the wind and rain, and to the roar of the stream that was rushing along under the iron bridge in the valley below. She felt, somehow, very nervous and ill at ease. There was so much that might happen on a night like this; and she had never seen her father's step so unsteady as it had been to-night when he went down the path.

Presently she came inside, and, closing the door, went and took down from the nail, her hood and woollen cloak and put them on. She did not know exactly what she meant to do, but she felt as though there might be danger to the bridge on such a night as this, and that she must go out into the rain a moment and see if everything looked right. And so, taking up the red lantern which she had lighted—her father had taken the other one—she went out the door, and climbing slowly down the embankment path, in a moment found herself upon the track.

Here, with the rain and the wind beating fiercely upon her, she stood for a moment irresolute. Up the track, a short distance away, was the station, whither her father had gone to light the station lamp, and see that the switches were all right. The track of the Air Line Road was a double one; but across the Viaduct Bridge only a single track was laid, on which, of course, trains from either direction must pass. There were two express trains which passed the Viaduct station within a few minutes of each other every evening; and as they did not stop at all, and as one went up and the other down the track, the adjustment of the switches was a matter of the highest importance.

From where she stood now, Elsie could see her father's lantern moving about from one point to another. There was nothing for her to do at the station, she thought. And so, with a sudden, deciding impulse, she turned in the opposite direction, and trudged off bravely down the track towards the iron bridge.

She came to it quickly, a vast frame-work of enormous timbers laid closely side by side, with the iron rails and the plank-walk between, running straight out into the darkness and void that stretched away beyond the little space ahead made visible by the ghastly glare of the red light; and without hesitation, impelled by the same restless desire to fulfill her father's neglected duty and to be sure that all was well, the station-keeper's daughter stepped upon the plank-walk and went fearlessly towards the middle.

All along the bridge, two hundred feet apart, perhaps, there were great barrels, filled with water, in case at any time the bridge should take fire. Elsie, advancing slowly and steadily along the path, had passed three of these, and had nearly reached a fourth when she suddenly halted and stood anxious and breathless, for she was all at once conscious of a new sensation.

Not that she saw anything new with her eyes; for, indeed, she could scarcely see a dozen feet on any side into the black void about her. Nor had any new sound been added to the terrible roar of the torrent below, though it grew louder and more terrible every moment as she came more directly over it. But she was conscious of a sudden sensation of feeling,—a feeling that the bridge was trembling slightly beneath her.

For a moment or two, Elsie was very much startled at the discovery. She knew she had never detected anything of the kind before in passing over the bridge. She reflected, however, that she had never before been over when the water was high in the valley, and that probably the framework always trembled at such times; and she moved cautiously on again.

But almost immediately, she was conscious that the trembling increased; and then, all at once, looking down at the timbers in front of her, by the red glare that the lantern threw along her path, she suddenly saw what it was that she had been led to come out upon the bridge for this dreadful night.

There, only a few feet before her, was a sight that well might cause her to stop and stand trembling in every limb, with her heart beating so loudly she seemed almost to hear it above the roar of the wind and water.

Just beyond the middle cask of water, the timbers had settled down until they were more than a foot below the level of the bridge; and the rails were so displaced and wrenched that Elsie saw instantly that a train passing over would certainly be thrown from the track and plunged into the fearful depths below.

But, hark! a long, shrill, screaming whistle from far up the track behind her, comes like a human cry to her ears and startles her from her stupor. It is the down express whistling at the Evansville crossing, scarcely two miles up the road! In three minutes more, at the farthest, unless she can do something to stop it, the train would be upon the bridge!

As she realized fully the peril of the moment, poor Elsie reeled and felt that she should fall fainting where she stood. Then, with a sudden vigorous bound, the brave blood that was in her came hurrying back from her heart again, and gave new life to her energies. She turned with a deep prayer in her heart and a half-formed prayer upon her lips, and ran with all her might back along the planking towards the station.

Swift as the wind that swept after her, more determined than the storm that beat so fiercely in her face, Elsie Burbank flew on along the narrow foot-way on the iron bridge, heeding not the rain, noticing not the water-casks as she passed them, looking only straight ahead up the road, past the station to catch sight of the head-light that might any instant come around the corner, thinking only of the work she was hastening to do, and the lives that she meant, under God, to save.

The timbers of the bridge seemed to flow backward like a swift stream underneath her flying feet. In almost a minute's time she had reached the end of the bridge and was running along the centre of the track among the ties. Then she saw her father's lantern as he stood at the switch waiting for the train.

He stared at her rapidity as she came panting up. He was less himself to-night than she had ever seen him. He spoke to her thickly.

"What does this mean, Elsie, girl? Where are you running so with that red light?"

She paused just an instant,—not to answer his questions, but to deliver her own hurried command.

"Change the switch, father; change the switch *quick!* The bridge is broken. Switch the train off on the side track!"

She did not linger to explain farther nor to see if he understood or complied. Above the roaring of the storm, above the excited tones of her own voice, she heard all at once the low hum of the vibrating rails, the increasing rumble of the approaching train,—and then, straight before her, not a quarter of a mile away, she saw the head-light, big flaming, like the eye of some destroying monster, rushing down upon her.

She ran on still, however,—straight on to meet it, swinging her lantern wildly and crying hoarsely that the bridge was down, a cry that could never be heard, but the warning light was seen.

And not until the locomotive was close upon her did she step off the track, so fearful was she that her signal would be unheeded.

Then as she stood there beside the track; still waving her lantern and madly shouting, she had the satisfaction of hearing the whistle sounding to put down the brakes, and she could see the fireman peering out at her from the window of the cab.

It was dark and rainy; all was confusion. Gradually one by one on the train came to realize the situation; and the heroism of Elsie became known. She was hurried hither and thither to tell her story, when she heard a stranger say that the station-master was injured.

Without waiting to hear more, Elsie turned and walked swiftly back. In the cottage she found her father lying quietly on the bed, while a tall, grave-looking gentleman was bending over him. She asked no questions at all; but immediately set about whatever she thought might help to make him more comfortable. And, when the surgeon announced that her father's arm must come off, she uttered no cry, but only turned pale and asked if there was anything she could do.

It was not until several days after that, that the events of this night were alluded to between Elsie and her father. But one morning he called her to his bedside.

"Elsie, girl," he said, "I've been wanting to tell you how it was, that night. I turned the switch as you told me; and then, was so confused like with what I had been drinking, that I concluded it wasn't you, after all, that I had seen, but only a phantom of my own creating. And so, just as the train came up, I turned it back again."

"Well," said Elsie, cheerfully, "never mind now, father. It all came out right."

"Yes; but I hate to think how near I came to undoing all you had done."

Elsie shook her head. "No father," she said, seriously, "you *could not* undo it,—for it was God's doing."

"At any rate, I've lost my right arm to pay for it." And he looked down ruefully at his bandaged shoulder.

"Never mind that, either, father," Elsie answered. "*I* will be your right arm hereafter."

And presently she added, thoughtfully:

"And I think, too, that your losing your arm was God's doing also. Oh, father, you *won't* ever drink anything again!"

He looked up into her face that was bent tearfully and anxiously above his own.

"No Elsie, girl, if God will help me."

October after October has turned to gold, and the changing seasons have poured their floods through the valley. Elsie is almost a woman now; and the people whom she saved in the storm and darkness have all gone into life's unknown ways, forgetting, perhaps, alike the Providence that saved them and the angel of their deliverance. A paragraph appeared in the local papers soon after the incident now recorded, entitled "A narrow escape," in which Elsie's name was kindly mentioned, and which was read and soon forgotten.

But Elsie will never forgot the golden key to the door of God's mysteries that prayer and faith put in her hands, through all the Octobers that number her years.—*Youth's Companion.*

LITTLE NELLIE'S CRADLE.

BY ANNIE ARMSTRONG.

Little Nellie lived in the country. On the day that Nellie was born, there came into the world two little Newfoundland puppies at the second farmhouse above; and farmer Brown, who owned them, offered to send one down for a present to the little new baby. And so, as soon as it was old enough to leave its home, the cunning black dog was brought down eight miles in a basket, under the carriage-seat, and was named Tip, the same day that the little baby was named Nellie. That was because the first time he entered the house, he tipped a pail of water all over himself.

The two babies grew up together, but Tip grew so much faster, that when Nellie was a tiny girl who could just run around and talk, he was a great large dog, and besides being a play-mate, he took such good care of her that her parents always felt safe to trust her with him.

One day, when Nellie was a little over three years old, her father went away to be gone a few days and took Tip with him. For a day or two Nellie did not seem to mind very much, but the third day after he was gone, her mamma found her crying on the back stairs. Now, as she was one of those sunny little girls who hardly ever cry, her mamma was afraid she was sick; but when she asked her, Nellie sobbed, "O mamma, I do want to see Tip so awfully much."

Mamma told her he would be home the next day, and after supper that night she heard her saying to the large rag baby she was rocking to sleep, "Shut up your eyes and go to sleep quick, Mary Jane, and it will be next day soon. And let's be just as good as ever we can be, and p'raps Tip 'll hurry up and come."

The next night, at supper-time, her mamma called Nellie, but she did not come; but as they lived on a large farm, she thought she must be around playing somewhere. When after some time, Nellie did not come, she began to wonder, and all at once she cried, "I really forgot that Tip is not with her! How could I have been so careless?"

Just then one of the hired men came in and said that when he was raking hay he saw her going across the field with her large doll in her arms. Then her mamma remembered that she had heard her tell the doll that morning if she would be good she would take her to meet Tip. She turned very white, indeed, and asked all the men to help her hunt.

In about fifteen minutes they had searched over every part of the house, and barn, and grounds, and stood for a moment looking at each other in silence. Mrs. Gray thought of the little child that was lost a few years before by one of the neighbors and never found, then of the woods, and the gypsies that might be about, and the night that was coming on; then she looked at the sober faces around her, and said, "She must have kept right on in this path and wandered into the woods," and immediately started in the same direction. The men said that she almost flew. They had to come back to get lanterns after awhile, and left her at the house while they started again.

Oh, what a long, sad night it was! The nearest farmer's wife, who was visiting there, stayed with Mrs. Gray, but the poor mother did not lie down all night. She walked the floor and did not speak, excepting once in a while she would cry, "Oh, my darling!"

But the longest night must end, and by and by in the early morning she heard a loud bark, and Tip came in with her husband. The sight of them gave her fresh hope, and she cried, "Our baby is lost! Tell Tip to find her."

It did not take Tip long to understand, and he started off sniffing the ground for his little companion's tracks. He did not take the path to the woods, but bounded out over a large meadow to the right of the path where the ground rolled along like a prairie.

They followed breathless after him, and after racing about for some time he stopped at a little hillock among what they called the "cradle hills," and barked, and whined, and

glanced around wildly. They came up as quickly as possible, and there, on the other side of the mound, where the earth rolled down in a cradle of the softest moss, lay little Nellie sound asleep, with her rag baby on one arm, and the other arm thrown over her head; but the barks and caresses of Tip soon awoke her, and she started up and cried, "Oh, I comed to meet you, Tip, and I did, didn't I?"

What a joyful family sat around the table that morning! Mrs. Gray could not allow her child away from her arms for a moment, and Nellie looked up in her face and said, "I guess you loves me a good deal, don't you, mamma?" And mamma pressed her to her heart and said again, "Thank God!"—*Zion's Herald.*

ABOUT BOYS.

If we may believe testimony, there was formerly a race of boys who worked; who got up at an incredible hour in the morning to light the kitchen fire and do the chores; who hoed corn contentedly for three weeks for the chance of going fishing on a rainy day; who eschewed the vanities of marbles and base ball except on rare occasions, and went through a long day's work as if the eight-hour-law had never been dreamed of. The testimony to their existence comes from the fathers who entertain their incredulous sons with "When I was your age, sir, I could do as much work in a day as a man, and *my* father made me do it."

Johnny turns his toast over to butter the other side, and wonders why his father does not make him do it, and then asks for twenty-five cents to subscribe to a base ball club, and gets it—the boy must have some exercise. Meanwhile father and mother are honestly puzzled. The father, having been brought up to hard work, has a vague impression that boys need some such discipline, but he does not see how it can be secured. The legitimate object of a boy's life used to be to chop wood; but anthracite coal can not be sawed or split, and he can hardly afford a farm, or keep a cow in a city lot. So the boys loaf and lounge, and make work for their mother, and get into mischief, and live through a vast amount of fretting and fault-finding, until some day they are turned loose in a working world to give and take hard knocks and learn to work.

That is the very thing they should have learned at home—the working is not of half so great importance as the learning how. No healthy boy was ever lazy until he was trained to it. From the tips of his fingers to the ends of his toes he is full of that restless, vigorous, irrepressible something which makes the difference between a boy and a girl. You can never delude the mother of a boy with your theories that it is all a matter of education. She knows it is in the grain, and if she be a wise woman makes provision for its healthy direction and development.

Give the boys knives and saws and hammers and nails, and let them learn to use them, even if you have to shut your eyes when you see the soft little fingers struggling with the dangerous blades. There must be a beginning, and a multitude of boys have carried their full complement of fingers up to manhood. Who is it that says Providence always takes care of boys if people do not interfere?

There are plenty of uses for a boy in a house. Chairs get shaky for lack of glue; hinges loosen and need only the tightening of a screw; the normal condition of door fastenings is to be out of order, but a lock with two knobs is as simple a bit of mechanism as can be made, and any boy ought to be able to take one off and put it in order. Out of your boy's play you get skill and training which you may draw upon, and others may thank you for, all his life. Work in itself is not an actual good, but only valuable for its results either to ourselves or others, and the market value of a boy's work in dollars and cents is no fair measure of its worth.

It is a paying investment to furnish the boys with tools and with material for their use. Twenty-five cents in waste boards from a planing mill, or the odds and ends of finished lumber, bits of moulding, shingles, etc., to be obtained for a trifle from house-builders, or a load of boxes from a grocery, will make a boy as rich as a millionnaire, and give him hours of healthful enjoyment. The girl can draw for the wardrobe of her dependent family upon the constantly accumulating stores of the rag-bag, and those odds and ends of feminine attire in the shape of ribbons, laces, and bits of gay stuffs; but, in the average home, boards are not found lying around loose, especially if there be an avaricious female in the kitchen, to appropriate everything larger than a tooth-pick for kindlings.

The rat-traps which scare the rats from their neighborhood, the bird-houses in which the birds judiciously decline to build, the rabbit-pens which precisely suit the rabbits, whatever maledictions they may provoke from the gardener, the ships and windwills and blow-guns and cross-bows, may not be eminently successful from a mechanical standpoint, but they are invaluable as educators, and as furnishing substantial recreation—a thing far above amusement.—*The Alliance.*

LONDON'S PET GORILLA.

Mr. Pongo is in excellent health now, but has had two illnesses since he was sold to Dr. Falkenstein of the Prussian Natural History Expedition, for two gallons of rum, and exchanged his chain in an African village for the more tolerable conditions of his European career.

Perhaps he was too young when the hunters took him to have any dreams now of the deep, cool, dark forest, the great luscious fruits, the glorious climbs, and bounds and fights, the long migrating journeys of the gray-coated community, booming, inarticulate speech which was the language of his tribe; and it may be that he is happy enough in his artificial life. It includes all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of civilization. He goes to bed at eight every evening, "in a very comfortable bed, and sleeps till eight in the morning," his attendant told us, "always lying on his side, with his hand under his cheek on the pillow, like a man," and eats numerous meals with unfailing appetite.

Once a day he has an ample repast of roast meat and potatoes; and his breakfast, luncheon and supper consist of milk, wine and water, bread, rice, eggs, fruit and vegetables. He is on the best of terms with his attendant, and it was very funny to see him lying negligently on his back, in a slanting downward position on the ladder, one hand dangling upward, and the other thrown around the neck of his friend, as the latter repeated his brief formula to a freshly-arrived batch of spectators. Mr. Pongo had quite an irresistible air of enjoying the proceeding; he rolled his tongue about, and when the sentence, "His present value is five thousand pounds!" was spoken, he withdrew his arm, gave the speaker a friendly cuff, as if to say, "What! you're at it again, are you! Fetch 'em with figures, my boy!" and dived rapidly over and under the rung of the ladder, looking at the audience upside down from between his own legs, with a composed gravity infinitely comical.

He never attempts to stand upright; he is too heavy, his attendant explained, and his legs are not yet strong enough to support his weight. But it is expected that he will grow to a height of six feet, and then stand upright, as the full grown gorilla has been seen by travellers to do. At present his mode of progression is like that of a tumbler who is about to be picked up suddenly by a pinch behind from the clown in the ring. He walks on his feet and hands—the latter turned in, fist shape, and looking like small club feet—and his back slopes gently down from his broad shoulders to his thin, misshapen flanks.

Mr. Pongo is an interesting, if not precisely a fascinating animal, and the strongest proof of his quaint suggestion of kinship with his visitors is that, one is never free from a queer sense of bad manners in asking questions about him before his grave, black face; and that one leaves him with a wish that he might have something to do, or at least something to read. —*London Spectator.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

There are many who desire to be useful workers for the salvation of souls, and yet lose sight of the fact that they must draw nigh to God and live nigh to God, if they would draw others. No parent can do anything for the conversion of his child if he himself lives away from God. His appeals will disgust his children as mere cant. Power to win souls is derived from close living contact with the Divine Source of all power. When I was a student at Princeton, Professor Henry had so constructed a huge bar of iron, bent into the form of a horseshoe, that it used to hang suspended from another iron bar above it. Not only did it hang there, but it upheld 4,000 pounds weight attached to it! That horseshoe magnet was not welded or glued to the metal above it; but through the iron wire coiled around it there ran a subtle current of electricity from a galvanic battery. Stop the flow of the current one instant, and the huge horseshoe dropped. So does all the lifting power of a Christian come from the currents of spiritual influence which flow into his heart from the Living Jesus. The strength of the Almighty One enters into the believer. If his connection with Christ is cut off, in an instant he becomes as weak as any other man.

Charles G. Finney used to discover that sometimes his preaching was mighty in its influence to convict and convert sinners. At other times he seemed to be firing only blank cartridges. The results depended entirely upon his own spiritual condition, upon his nearness to or his absence from God. When he was in close communion with God the currents of power were mighty and irresistible. When his connection with the Lord ceased, either through unbelief or unworthy living, his lifting power was gone. Drawing nigh to God was invariably the most effectual way to draw the impenitent.

The concentrating and culminating act of drawing nigh to the Lord is prayer. To this especial exercise of the soul James refers, and what a happy description of prayer it is! The longing soul lays hold on God, clings to him, and "will not let him go," except the blessing come. So Jacob wrestled. So the Canaanitish woman grasped the Saviour and would not be shaken off. While listening to George Muller, it has seemed to me that his prayers are of this simple, sincere, clinging character. He holds on to God. The old Scotch doorkeeper used to say: "There's nae gude done, John, till ye get into the close grups."

Not only successful prayer comes from close approaches to God (through Jesus, the Intercessor), but all godly living likewise. The world is a powerful magnet, and we cannot serve two masters. The demand of the hour is for a Christ-like church, honest, truthful, fearless, living near to God, and keeping his commandments. To such a church God will "draw nigh" in wonderful blessings. He will reveal himself as he does not to the world.

I have heard of a monk who, in his cell, had a glorious vision of Jesus revealed to him. Just then a bell rang, which called him away to distribute loaves of bread among the poor beggars at the gate. He was sorely tried as to whether he should lose a scene so inspiring.

He went to his act of mercy; and when he came back the vision remained, more glorious than ever. Brethren, the bell that calls us to duty and to the loving service of our Lord is the bell that calls us to the most joyful views of his countenance. When we draw nigh to him in humble obedience, he draws nigh to us in the full-orbed brightness of his favor.—*Dr. Cuyler, in N.Y. Independent.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXXI.

What is Christian worship?—
You shall quickly know,
When you solve the queries
Following here below:—

Name the fifth disciple,
Of Bethsaida he,
Jesus found, and called him,
Saying, "Follow me!"

How shall we take warning?
Learning from Lot's wife,
Who though saved from Sodom,
Turned and lost her life!

With the traitor's silver,
When this field was bought,
There the doom he suffered,
Of the deeds he wrought.

Paul once found at Corinth,
Lately come from—whence?
Two good souls, when Cæsar
Drove all Jews from thence.

Early in the morning,
With the Marys came
One, to look for Jesus;
Mark recites her name.

Jacob's father's father—
Tell his worthy name:
In the line of David
You shall find the same.

First th' *initial* letters,
Next the *finals* take;
Then, with holy incense
These sweet offerings make:

This to tell God's mercies,
That to seek his face,
Through the blood of sprinkling,
At the throne of grace.

THE REGION OF PROFANENESS.—Some persons who do not wish to swear, or rather, perhaps, who do not wish to be thought of as swearing, have a habit of using, instead, a set of words, which they do not suppose to be profane, but which sounds very much as if they were. They are only distinguished from words of profaneness, it may be, by one obscurely-sounded letter. There is little difference between this practice and downright swearing. Those who hear it often think it to be swearing, whether it be so or not. Or, if they know exactly what is said, then they think the man wants to swear but does not dare to—and they are not far out of the way. It is a poor business, at the best that can be made of it, and most of all for a professing Christian. The list of ordinary and grammatical interjections is a pretty copious one, and will serve most purposes; and if one is ever moved to new inventions in that line, let him at least steer clear of the region of profaneness.—*Congregationalist.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.*)

LESSON XXIII.

DECEMBER 2.] THE DELIVERANCE. [About 60 A. D.]

READ Acts xxvii. 33-44. RECITE vs. 35-37.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Psa. cvii. 23-31. *T.*—Matt xv. 29-39. *W.*—1 Tim. iv. 4-16. *Th.*—1 Cor. x. 20-33. *F.*—2 Cor. xi. 23-33. *Sa.*—Jonah ii. *S.*—Acts xxvii. 33-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psa. cvii. 30.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord sitteth king upon the floods.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—On the fourteenth night after drifting in the Adriatic Sea they found the water becoming more shallow, and anchored the ship. The sailors tried to escape by the boat, but the soldiers cut it away.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Note what a noble example we have in Paul of courage, calmness, and trust in God in times of peril. The Christian ought to be the bravest man in any company.

NOTES.—*Rud'-der Bands.* In place of a single rudder, the ancient ships were steered by two paddles, and the "rudder-bands" were the lashings by which these paddles were secured to the ship's side when at anchor. *Two Seas.* About a hundred yards from the shore of Malta lay the little island of Salmonetta, and the current flowing around the island from the north would meet that flowing around it from the south at the south-west corner, near which the ship ran aground.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL'S CHEERING COUNSEL. (II.) THE SHIP WRECKED. (III.) THE LIVES SAVED.

I. PAUL'S CHEERING COUNSEL. (33.) MEAT, food, nourishment; TARRIED, waited; CONTINUED FASTING eaten only sparingly and irregularly; TAKEN NOTHING no regular meal. (34.) HEALTH, preservation, they would need strength to get to land; NOT A HAIR FALL, perish, compare 1 Kings i. 52; Matt. x. 30; Luke xii. 7; xxi. 18. (35.) GAVE THANKS, a usual custom among the Jews, compare 1 Sam. ix. 13; Matt. xv. 36; John vi. 11; 1 Tim. iv. 4.

I. QUESTIONS.—Describe the approach to land. vs. 27-29. The sailors' attempt to escape. How frustrated? What did Paul urge them to do? How long had they been fasting? With what promises did he encourage them? Mention other uses of this same figure in Scripture. How did Paul honor God before eating? How were the company affected? State the number of persons on the ship.

II. THE SHIP WRECKED. (38.) THE WHEAT, grain, probably constituting the cargo, as well as the provision for the company. (39.) CREEK, inlet or bay; WITH A SHORE, a level beach; INTO, on; THE WHICH, beach; THRUST IN THE SHIP, run it aground. (40.) TAKEN UP, cut away; COMMITTED THEMSELVES, rather left them (the anchors) in the sea; RUDDER BANDS, see Notes; MAINSAIL, rather, the foresail. (41.) TWO SEAS MET, see Notes; STUCK FAST, a bank of mud overlying a tenacious clay is now found at the supposed place of the shipwreck in "Saint Paul's Bay," Malta.

II. QUESTIONS.—How did they lighten the ship? What did they discover? What plan to do? How dispose of the anchors? What to do with the rudder bands? Describe the ancient method of steering a ship. Meaning of "where two seas met"? What took place when the ship ran aground? At what place is this shipwreck supposed to have been?

III. THE LIVES SAVED. (42.) LEST ANY . . . SHOULD . . . ESCAPE soldiers who allowed prisoners to escape were liable to suffer the death-penalty. (43.) WILLING, wishing; OUT TO LAND, although the prow was fast, the water still swept around the vessel. (44.) ALL SAFE, fulfilling Paul's prediction, vs. 22, 34.

III. QUESTIONS.—What did the soldiers propose? Why did they deem this advisable? Why did the centurion restrain them? What ones did he bid to go first? In what way? How did the rest escape? What promise was thus fulfilled?

What does this lesson teach us—

(1.) As to the Christian's care for the bodily well-being of others?

(2.) As to his thankfulness for the blessings he has, even though reduced to great straits?

(3.) As to God's providence upon the sea as well as upon the land?

ILLUSTRATION.—*A visit to St. Paul's Bay.* "We had advanced some eight or ten miles in our excursion when the bright and broad Mediterranean broke upon our view upon the right. Having ascended another range of hills, we came in sight of an object that riveted my eyes to the spot with an emotion I cannot well describe—what is called St. Paul's Bay. When I reached the shores of this bay where tradition has located the place of the landing of the wrecked mariners of that ill-fated ship, I felt I was treading on sacred ground. The waters now were all calm and radiant with the beams of a resplendent sun. But I could imagine the darkness of the heavens, the fury of the storm, the boisterousness of the sea lashed by fierce winds into unbridled rage, and the sail-rent, dismasted vessel with its stern already 'broken by the violence of the waves,' so graphically depicted by St. Luke. I could imagine the dispersed and sinking crew, 'some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship,' making their way to the land. Perhaps on the very spot where I stood, chilled and dripping from the waters, they assembled, while the rude, barbarous people, inhabitants of

the island, gathered round touched with feelings of kindness, kindled for them a fire and received every one of them, 'because of the present rain, and because of the cold.' As I tried to picture to myself the apostle of the Gentiles standing before that fire kindled on the shore, his apparel dripping with the briny waters of the sea, I thought of all the perils of his eventful life, and of all he endured for the love of Christ and the salvation of a dying world."—*J. A. Clark.*

PAUL'S PROMISE FAITH. FULFILLED.

LESSON XXIV.

DECEMBER 9.] PAUL AT MELITA. [About 60-61 A. D.]

READ Acts xxviii. 1-10. RECITE vs. 3-6.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Rom. i. 14-25. *T.*—Luke x. 19-37. *W.*—Acts xiv. 7-18. *Th.*—James v. 10-20 *F.*—Matt. viii. 5-17. *Sa.*—Mark xvi. 9-20. *S.*—Acts xxviii 1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise.—Rom. i. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord's servants are safe.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Note that "barbarous people"—*i.e.* foreigners—as well as Greeks and Romans, were made to feel a respect for Paul the Christian.

NOTES.—*Mel'-i-ta*, the island of Malta, 58 miles south of Sicily; 17½ miles long, 9¼ wide; colonized by the Phœnicians, and afterward by the Greeks; at the time of the shipwreck under the Dominion of Rome; now a dependency of Great Britain, highly cultivated and having 1,200 inhabitants to the square mile. Seven miles from Valetta, the present capital, is a bay called St. Paul's Bay, which is supposed to have been the scene of the shipwreck. *Vi'-per*, probably the *Vipera aspis*, or "Mediterranean viper," found in almost all the islands of that sea. Sometimes this viper leaps several feet. It has been claimed that there are now no vipers in Malta; but *Lewin* saw a snake like a viper which escaped among some bundles of sticks put up for firewood. *Pub'-li-us*, the resident Roman governor of the island, and called the primate or "chief man." Tradition says that he became a Christian convert and was the first bishop of Malta.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE ISLANDERS' KINDNESS. (II.) PAUL AND THE VIPER. (III.) PAUL HEALING THE SICK.

I. THE ISLANDERS' KINDNESS. (1.) THEY KNEW, ascertained, compare Acts xxvii. 39; MELITA, Malta, see Notes. (2.) BARBAROUS PEOPLE—*i.e.*, natives, a word indicating not necessarily that they were uncivilized, but only that they spoke some other language than Greek or Latin; they were of Phœnician origin; NO LITTLE, no ordinary; PRESENT RAIN, then falling upon us; THE COLD, this was probably about the 20th of November.

1. QUESTIONS.—To what place had they escaped? Describe Malta. What are the natives called? Meaning of "barbarous"? What did they show to the wrecked ones? How try to make them comfortable? What was the state of the weather? The season of the year?

II. PAUL AND THE VIPER. (3.) PAUL, everywhere and always active in doing good; VIPER, see Notes; OUT OF THE HEAT, vipers are soon made torpid by the cold, and quickly warmed into activity by the heat. (4.) A MURDERER, they may have seen his chains; VENGEANCE, retribution, justice. (5.) FELT NO HARM, comp. Mark xvi. 18; Luke x. 19. (6.) A GOD, comp. xiv. 11.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did Paul do? What fastened upon him? Describe the "viper." What did the barbarians conclude? How might they have known that Paul was a prisoner? How did he rid himself of the viper? What did the barbarians expect? Why? How did they change their minds? Why?

III. PAUL HEALING THE SICK. (7.) SAME QUARTERS, the neighborhood of the wreck; POSSESSIONS, landed estates; CHIEF MAN, Roman governor or primate; PUBLIUS, see Notes. (8.) BLOODY FLUX, dysentery; LAID HANDS ON HIM, Mark xvi. 18. (9.) OTHERS ALSO, the rest. (10.) HONORS, presents.

III. QUESTIONS.—Whose estates were near? What was the rank of Publius? How did he receive the voyagers? For how long? Who was sick? Of what disease? State how Paul healed him. What did other diseased ones do? With what effect? How did they show their gratitude?

What does this lesson teach us—

(1.) As to the kindness sometimes shown by the heathen?

(2.) As to the heathen conception of retribution?

(3.) As to the safety of God's servants?

(4.) As to the folly and fickleness of the popular judgment?

(5.) As to the benefits received for kindness shown?

LOST SHIP. LIVES SAVED.

LESSON XXV.

DECEMBER 16.] PAUL AT ROME. [About 61-63 A.D.]

READ Acts xxviii. 16-31. RECITE vs. 28-31.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Eph. vi. 10-24. *T.*—Heb xii. 1-15. *W.*—Rom. vi. *Th.*—2 Thess. ii. 3-17. *F.*—Isa. xlix. 6-20. *Sa.*—Phil. i. 14-30. *S.*—Acts xxviii. 16-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.—Rom. i. 15. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ's servants preach him wherever they are.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After spending three winter months at Melita, the voyage was resumed. Paul and his company went by ship to Puteoli, and from thence by land to Rome.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Having journeyed with Paul to Rome, find out all that you can about the condition of the imperial city at that period, especially in matters of religion. Learn what Epistles Paul wrote while at Rome.

NOTES.—*Capt'-ain of the guard*, the commander of the Prætorian camp, north of the city, where the emperor's body-guard was quartered; supposed to have been Burrus Afranius, a distinguished general and a very upright man, afterward poisoned at the instigation of Nero. *Rome*, the capital of the Roman empire, situated on the River Tiber, 16 miles from its mouth; supposed to have contained two millions of inhabitants at that time.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL EXPLAINS HIS ARREST. (II.) PAUL PREACHES THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

PAUL EXPLAINS HIS ARREST. (16.) CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, see Notes; BY HIMSELF, instead of being confined in the Prætorium; WITH A SOLDIER, to whom he was secured by a chain. Eph. vi. 20; Col iv. 3, 18; perhaps some of those were converted. Phil. i. 13. (18.) WOULD HAVE LET ME GO, xxvi. 32. (19.) TO APPEAL in self-defence, not to accuse my nation. (20.) HOPE OF ISRAEL, hope of the Messiah, xxvi. 6. (21.) BRETHREN, the Jews. (22.) SECT, literally "heresy," xxiv. 5, 14; SPOKEN AGAINST, 1 Pet. ii. 12; iv. 14.

I. QUESTIONS.—Give an account of the journey from Melita to Rome, vs. 11-15. At Rome what was done with the prisoners? What with Paul? How was he secured? Mention some of the allusions to this in his Epistles. Whom did he call together? For what purpose? How did he prove that he was an innocent man? Why had he appealed to Cæsar? For what was he in bonds? State the Jews' reply. Their desire. How was Christianity regarded.

II. PAUL PREACHES THE KINGDOM OF GOD. (23.) PERSUADING, trying to convince them; LAW . . . AND PROPHETS, the Old Testament. (25.) ONE WORD, one parting testimony; WELL, appropriately; ESAIAS, Isaiah, Matt. xiii. 14, 15. (26.) SHALL, will. (28.) GENTILES, as at Antioch, xii. 46, and Corinth, xviii. 6. (30.) HIRED HOUSE, supported probably by the contributions of Christians, Phil. iv. 10-14. [While at Rome, Paul probably wrote his Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon.]

II. QUESTIONS.—What did Paul preach to those who came? v. 23. From what? For how long? State the effect. His parting words. How were the Jews described? To whom should the gospel be sent? How long did Paul continue at Rome? Preaching what?

What verses in this lesson teach us—

(1.) Paul's wish to clear away prejudices?

(2.) His love for his own people?

(3.) The different effects produced on different hearers by the same preaching of the gospel?

ILLUSTRATION.—*Paul's apartments.* "Paul's friends now procured suitable apartments for the apostle. The principal room we may conjecture was of sufficient dimensions to enable Paul in the exercise of his apostolical office to assemble an audience about him; and the abode must, for the convenience of the Prætorians in relieving guard, have been either within the precincts of the palace itself, at the house of one of the officials about the court, or in the immediate vicinity. The pecuniary means for providing a lodging were not improbably furnished by the zealous Roman Christians. As a prisoner, he was disabled from maintaining himself by his usual occupation."—*Lewin.*

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND is a pretty large circulation. That is the number we would like the MESSENGER to begin the year with. That should not be a very difficult matter,—only one new subscriber each. There is not a boy or girl or man or woman who reads this paper who could not get another subscriber. If they think so just let them try it and write us the result.

There can be no doubt that the skate premium is a complete success. Some one thousand letters which we have already received this year from those intending to win them proves this, as well as the fact that over four hundred pairs were sent away as premiums, and the receiver in nearly every case sent a letter of thanks expressing surprise that the prize was such a good one, much better even than they expected. It is a remarkable but very pleasing fact in connection with it that quite a number of those who obtained the skates last year are working for them again, perhaps for a sister, brother or friend; a fact which may be construed into an evidence of the completest satisfaction, while amongst other enthusiastic workers are those whose relatives or friends have won a pair. A little girl writing from New Glasgow, N.S., says: "I will try this year to get a pair of skates; those that got them last year were very well pleased with them." A boy writes from Woodstock, O.: "My brother got a pair last year, and they are so fine I want a pair like them." A last year's winner of the skates writes from Cornet, O.: "I got a pair of skates from you last year, and they were the best I had ever seen," and another hailing from Prince Albert, O., says of his: "I think them splendid." The latter two are determined to win another pair each. We hope they may, and many hundred others.

"HOW HAD I BEST GO TO WORK to win your skates?" is a very difficult question to answer; not because it is a difficult thing to win these articles, but because there are so many different ways of doing it. Some boys and girls get most of the subscribers from amongst their relatives; some do all or most of their business by correspondence; some go to work and, as one of them manfully writes, "If I don't have the skates by the end of the year you may know that I have knocked at the door of every house in the Township,"—there is no danger that that boy will not have his skates before the end of the year. The advice we give to all competitors is simply this: Call on every one in your neighborhood, and try to get subscribers for ALL the paper most suitable in each case. Perhaps some subscriber to the WITNESS would like the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY or the MESSENGER; some who subscribe to the MESSENGER might also like to take the WITNESS or NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. You cannot tell but by trial, but you had better judge beforehand, and not show what would be of little use. Once having begun work, stick to it until you are successful. A little desultory work here and there never pays, but a determination to succeed must ensure success.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. JAS. I. FELLOWS, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST:

SIR,—For several months past I have used your Compound Syrup in the treatment of Incipient Phthisis, Chronic Bronchitis, and other affections of the chest, and I have no hesitation in stating that it ranks foremost amongst the remedies used in those diseases. Being an excellent nervous tonic, it exerts a direct influence on the nervous system, and through it it invigorates the body. It affords me pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended when so many advertised are worse than useless.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Z. S. EARLE, Jr., M.D.

St. John, N.B., January, 1868.

TWENTY-FIVE FINE CARDS (SNOWFLAKE DAMASK, &c.), no two alike, with name, 10 cents, postpaid. Three Packs for 25 cents. Canada Paper Money taken as pay. Send no Post-Office stamps. Address, NASSAU CARD COMPANY, Nassau, N.Y.

THOSE WHO DESIRE TO STUDY THE FRENCH Language will do well to take a French newspaper L'AURORE is such a one—the only Protestant French paper in America. The price is $1 per year. JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, Publishers, Montreal.

THE L'ORIGNAL "NEWS" SAYS: "AS A moral magazine the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has no equal in Canada. The November number is as welcome as its predecessors."

"WE ARE GLAD TO OBSERVE THE CONSTANT improvements that are being made in this excellent periodical—(NEW DOMINION MONTHLY). The publishers announce that it will be still further enlarged next year, and several new features added. The circulation is rapidly increasing, and it promises to be one of the best and cheapest magazines to be had."—*Advertiser*, Owen Sound.

THE "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY" IS A MAGAZINE of 128 pages a month, or 1,536 pages a year, well illustrated, price $2.00 a year.

THE "MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS" IS THE cheapest paper in Canada. It contains a very large quantity of the most interesting reading matter. No reader of it but must be conversant with the world's news, and more particularly with everything going on in Canada. Its family reading and religious departments are of the greatest interest and value. The farmers have special attention directed to them in an agricultural department, which keeps them up to the times with everything of special interest to them. Its price is $1.10 a year.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO THE "MESSENGER" may act as Agent for it, and on application will have copies sent to them for free distribution.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW IS THE TIME

—TO—

WORK FOR THE PRIZES.

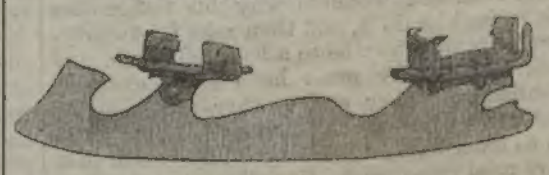
1st PRIZE.

The back of the Lady's Watch, greatly reduced in size, to be seen at the well-known establishment of Savage, Lyman & Co., St. James street, Montreal.

2nd PRIZE.

The $50 Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine (for which Mr. Julius Kruse is Agent), to be seen running at No. 307 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

THE EUREKA SKATE.



THE CANADIAN CLUB SKATE.

All canvassers to the

WITNESS,

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

and

NORTHERN MESSENGER,

who send us in $15 in New Subscriptions to these publications, deducting no commission therefrom, marking the list "IN COMPETITION," will receive, almost immediately, a pair of Eureka Club Skates to fit them.

Those sending in $10 in New Subscriptions, deducting no commission therefrom, will have sent them a pair of Eureka Skates.

A pair of CANADIAN CLUB SKATES, to fit, will be sent to all who forward us $9 in new subscriptions to those papers, deducting no commission therefrom.

MARK THE DIRECTIONS.

Be sure, in sending in your subscriptions to mark the list "in competition;" unless you do, no record for the skates will be taken of it.

Send in the names and subscriptions as you get them and when the full amount is received, state the fact, and also give the length of your foot in inches from heel to toe.

Begin work at once.

When you begin, work systematically, thoroughly and persistently; drawing out some specified plan of action, and then following it till successful.

Write to us before you begin work and get sample papers, &c.

THE PRIZES.

In addition to the skates—which everybody may get—a prize of a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, worth $80, will be given to the person who obtains the largest amount of subscriptions before December 15th, 1877. A second prize of a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth $50, will be given to the next on the list; and a Silver Watch, worth $30, will be given to the third on the list.

This scheme may be tabulated as follows:—

The person securing the largest sum in subscriptions to the WITNESS publications before December 15th, 1877, a pair of skates and $80 gold watch.

To the persons next on the list, a pair of skates and a $50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine.

To the person third on the list, a pair of skates and $30 silver watch.

To all persons sending in $15 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, deducting no commission, a pair of Eureka skates of the best material, steel and iron welded, price $4.

To all persons sending in $10 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, deducting no commissions therefrom, a pair of all steel Eureka skates, retail price $2.75.

To all persons sending in $9 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, deducting no commissions therefrom, a pair of Canadian Club skates, retail price $2.75.

Commissions allowed on all subscriptions or renewals obtained after the skates are earned; or if the skates are not desired the commissions may be deducted from the beginning.

All desirous of entering into the campaign are requested to send their names at once, and sample copies will be forwarded to them immediately.

The names and prices of the WITNESS publications are as follows:—

DAILY WITNESS, (including postage)	$3.00
WEEKLY WITNESS,	1.10
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, enlarged to 128 pages, (including postage)	2.00
NORTHERN MESSENGER,	30
THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, when clubbed with the WITNESS, is	1.50

The price of the DAILY WITNESS to Ministers and Schoolteachers is $2.50 per annum; of the WEEKLY WITNESS, 85c.; of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, $1.50.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.